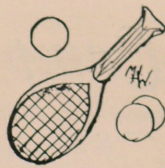


Campus Mirror



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Our Christmas Symbol

MILLIE DOBBS, '33

The man who waits for an eclipse of the sun to occur in order that he may occupy himself by selling smoked glasses is indeed seldom busy. At first thought, one might be inclined to believe that the annual job of decorating the living Christmas tree makes it a task equally as idle, but this is not altogether true.

It is a fact that our beautiful South American cedar which stands before the front gate, as a hostess stands before her front door to greet all her guests, has a very special use just once a year. It is then that the tree is electrically lighted in order to add to the air of joy and festivity.

But probably the best thing about our tree is that it is a living and constant symbol of Christmas cheer. A glance at this tree reminds us of the Christmas season and spirit—one of the most meaningful of all times.

Rather than regard this symbol as being empty and hollow—as symbols are very apt to become—let us cherish our Christmas tree as a significant emblem of bigger and greater things. How dull life would be without those symbols which stand for the really important things.

Trees of Christmas Night

BESSIE MAYLE, '31

The trees
Tonight
Are Caravans
Treading the mountain summit.
See their ragged forms—
Brushing against the darkness!—
Creeping along the sky!
Hear the song of their journeying!
Whose is the gold they carry—
Whose are the praises they sing?
The wind would try an answer,
And in the east
A white star beckons.

Christmas, the Season of Giving

ALMA LONG, '31

"It is a noble chain that can link every hand to every other, every country to every other, every century to every other. Such a chain is Christmas, reaching all the way from Bethlehem till now."—Dixie Wilson, *Delineator*, December, 1930.

As December is here and the spirit of Yuletide is creeping into our veins, we are considering those to whom we shall give gifts and remembrances. Mother, father,

(Continued on Page 3)

To Whom Shall Our Gifts Go?

M. ERNESTINE ANTHONY, '32

Once more we are approaching another Yuletide, and hearts everywhere overflow with joy and gladness over the coming of St. Nicholas. Many have already carefully planned, and even purchased, expensive and elaborate gifts for Jack, Carrie, and John—gifts that perhaps Jack, Carrie, and John won't need.

It is true that the celebration of the birth of Christ means gifts and remembrances. No time is more appropriate for donors. But to whom shall our presents go? Shall it be to some friend as a means of exchange or shall it be to some friendless and homeless waif? With thousands of unemployed and with hunger and suffering hovering over many a home, it is bewildering that an educated and progressive people could swap needless and elaborate gifts among themselves.

Let us allow our gifts to spread sunshine among those whose lives are darkened—be it an orphan child, a crippled man, a feverish boy, or an aged woman. Give for the joy of giving and to those whose needs are the greatest, always remembering "it is more blessed to give than to receive".

Campus Mirror

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EDITORIAL

Stimulated Gaiety

Each succeeding generation is secretly afraid it will lose its sense of the youth of the earth; so it strives to defend itself by providing make-believe worlds in which stimulated gaiety may be substituted for the kind of youth that is full of enthusiasm, glee, and imagination. Decaying flesh strives to discover a perpetual spring for life's self-renewal. We cannot help but look to youth for the charm and gaiety that persuade us that living is a pleasure. Yet we stand afraid to face the fact that our types of recreation are not the kinds that are the results of youth's exuberant energy.

We provide the glamorous, enterprising public recreation houses as means to stimulate a dying world which has an insatiable thirst for wealth. Those that do not drink wines in order to make themselves have the "spirits" and imaginations that should normally be theirs, have become almost insane in an effort to abolish the use of wines. Christmas will not be enjoyable to Americans unless there is a spectacular display of all that is gaudy, sensual, and flippant. The flesh takes Christmas and screams for stimulants.

If you walk down the streets, you see everything. There is too much fact and not enough left for the imagination. Therefore there is a lack of appreciation of the unseen things which can be brought to earth by the imagination of those who are untouched by the world of mere materials.

We think we are being dealt with cruelly by the gods because we are experiencing a period of depression, unemployment, and suffering. The gods had nothing to do with it. We did it ourselves. We put all of our

wealth into the building and making of things for the senses of sight and taste. We are so materialistic that we judge our beauty, our charm, our youth, our very life in the terms of material worth.

When we learn to think less of preposterous things and curb our insatiable thirst for those bluffing, unreal stimulants that are provided only to quench the call of the flesh, we shall be able to have more joy. In place of fear of losing the sense of youth, the succeeding generations will enjoy the results of spontaneous outbursts of youthful enthusiasms about natural normal human interests.

The Community Council

A new venture in cooperation is under way on the Spelman College campus. A Community Council was recently organized, composed of faculty and students in recognition of the fact that common interests and common purposes govern all members of the college community. There are at present on the Council, three members of the faculty, four members from the senior class, three members from the junior class and two members from the sophomore class. A representative from the freshman class will be added the second semester. The nine student members were nominated by the classes and elected by the general student body.

The organization of the Community Council marks a significant step in the development of the College. How much it can accomplish will depend not only upon the wisdom of the members, but perhaps even more on the attitude of all the students toward their elected representatives. The Council is advisory. The aim of the Council is to promote the welfare of the college community.

The members of the Community Council are:

Seniors: Willie Dobbs, Mabel Dockett, Florence Morrison, Julia Stanfield.

Juniors: Sammie Fuller, Annie West Lee, Oteele Nichols.

Sophomores: Rachel Davis, Maude Price.

Faculty: President Florence M. Read, Miss Ruth O. Eakin, Mrs. Margaret Nabrit Curry. The General Chairman is Miss Eakin and the Student Chairman is Julia Stanfield.

Visitors on the Campus

November and December have brought to Spelman College an unusual number of visitors. A partial list follows:

R. L. Marquis, the President of North Texas State Teachers College, Denton, Texas, was the president of the Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools of the Southern States who appointed in 1929 the Committee to rate Negro colleges.

Arthur D. Wright, Professor of Education at Dartmouth College and a trustee of the Jeanes Fund and of the Slater Fund, is Executive Agent of the Standing Committee of Approval of Negro Schools appointed by the Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools of the Southern States.

George Foster Peabody, native of Georgia and resident of Saratago Springs, New York,

is a philanthropist who numbers among his varied interests Americus Church Institute for Negroes, Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute, Penn Normal and Industrial School, and Fort Valley High and Industrial School for each of which he is a trustee.

Louis R. Wilson has been Librarian of the University of North Carolina since 1901 and his activities in connection with library work there include being Kenen Professor of Library Administration and membership in the American Library Association.

Joseph J. Rhoads is President of Bishop College, Marshall, Texas.

George Brock is Professor of Hygiene and Physical Education at West Virginia State College, Institute, W. Va.

Thomas Elsa Jones, President of Fisk University, spent a number of years in educational work in Japan and is the author of *Mountain Folk in Japan*.

On the evening of December 10th, Howe Memorial Hall was filled with students and persons from the city of Atlanta to hear Captain Sir Hubert Wilkins, native of Australia, tell of his adventures as an explorer in both Arctic and Antarctic regions and of plans for still more thrilling adventures.

Prize Winners

On Friday afternoon, November 21st, President Read met the students in Howe Memorial Hall to make an announcement that proved to be of interest to both faculty and students of Spelman College. The announcement was that of the prize winners for essays on "The Essentials of Internationalism".

In the spring of 1930, nine students on the campus participated in this essay contest which was offered by Mr. John Murray, Principal of the University College of the Southwest, Exeter, England. Each essay was read, criticized, and judged with such care and discrimination by Mr. Murray himself that he was able to characterize the type of student who wrote each essay.

Among the nine contestants, the prizes and prize winners are as follows:

"Valour and Vision; Poems of the War." Collected and edited by Jacqueline T. Trotter, to Cassandra Maxwell.

"An Anthology of Franciscan Poetry and Prose." Gathered by Louis Vincent, to Mabel Dockett.

"The Old English Gardening Books," by Eleanour Sinclair Rohde, to Mary Belle Griggs.

A Unique Entertainment

The entertainment given by Rah Mona, the Premier Illusionist, in Howe Memorial Hall at Spelman College, December 13, 1930, was one of unusual merit for its lively but clean and fine recreational effects. Mr. Greystoke performs his illusions and controls his beautiful praying, marching and dancing dogs with a charm of personality that brings his audience into the happiest exhilaration. Spelman College will be glad to have a return entertainment when it can be arranged.

Work on a Term Paper

MARGUERITE DOZIER, '32

Every student in high school or college has to undergo that trying ordeal of writing a term paper. To most students, hearing the announcement made that a term paper is to be written in a certain course is like hearing the tolling of the curfew in the midst of an exciting game. To them, it is an obstacle between them and a credible grade in that course.

The real term paper is an examination of the student's ability to read and digest the material that he reads in such a manner that the emitted material will be thoroughly re-created, and will belong entirely to that student. The writing of a term paper strengthens his power of concentration, causes him to be scientific in his research, increases his range of information, improves his reasoning ability, enriches his thinking by his interpretation of the books he reads, awakens a new outlet within him, develops his skill in the use of sentences, increases his knowledge of new words.

The student loses or misses these vital benefits if he merely reads a lot of material, then copies it, and passes it on to his instructor as his own. He shares little or nothing of his real self in that paper. He develops a fine spirit of bluffing his instructor as well as himself. He short-cuts across the field from reflective thinking and analytic reasoning to the mere expression of the ideas of others. He misses, after all, the real object of writing a term paper.

Dissecting Spelman's Philanthropic Heart

WILLIE JULIET DOBBS, '31

There come times in the life of each individual when "time out" should be taken to check up on one's self to make note of one's deficiencies, to see whether his whole concern is self and gratification of selfish desires, with never a thought of the less fortunate fellow, or whether his philanthropic heart is growing normally and his attitude of sharing or of giving to others is improving.

It is very easy for us to shut ourselves up in a narrow sphere away from other people and center all our thoughts and considerations around ourselves—we need this—we must have the other—with never a thought of those below us who have scarcely the necessities of life and who are in great numbers suffering from starvation, neglect, darkness, and disease—conditions over which we have no control. Do we ever stop to think that life is free, good, and is as much desired by unfortunate people as it is by us? Then is it not our duty as confessed Christians to help them to live—to share with them some of the good things that have come to us? Might not we have been in the same dependent situation? We have God to thank for our blessings and the way to show our thankfulness is not to fail to share with others what God has shared with us.

Spelman students had a rare opportunity to express their spirit of giving and help-

ing by contributing to the Thanksgiving rally through which a pledge was to be given to the Community Chest and to the five Spelman missionaries in Africa. It was a privilege to express—through giving—our appreciation of all the good things that have come to us here at Spelman and in our homes, and an opportunity to help others, in appreciation of the help other have given and are giving to us.

What was made of this opportunity? The philanthropic heart of the Spelman student group was tested and found to be not functioning properly. It is a fact that none of us wants to face, but we must—for it is a very serious matter to note that for the past three years Spelman students have given less and less, while at the same time all indications point to the fact that the students are getting and spending more and more money. If we can go to football games and movies, and if we can spend money for Baby Ruths and Milky Ways, is it not an indication of the fact that Spelman students have money to spend and that they could have given their share in the Thanksgiving rally? It is a time for each one of us to take inventory of his heart and ask himself the question, "What is wrong with me that I refuse to give of my blessings a contribution to the needy and less fortunate?"

This comes as a challenge to each one of us to shake away from our hearts the shackles of selfishness, self-centeredness, and narrowness and develop the habit and the love for giving and helping, thereby enriching our own lives and taking on some of the Christ-like qualities of giving without looking to receive in return, but giving for the cheer and joy that comes in having a sense of brotherly love which makes us want to share and make lighter the burden of our brothers who, being caught in the grimy claws of life, find it impossible to survive independently.

Music Appreciation

LENNIE GREEN, '32

Appreciating music means enjoying music intelligently; that is, knowing why you enjoy it, not merely because it sounds well, but because it means something. One does not need to have a knowledge of the piano or of some other instrument in order to appreciate music. Music belongs to him who can appreciate it, and he should not think of it as something which he has to purchase in order to possess.

In our Music History and Appreciation Class, we learn how to appreciate music. First of all, we get a background of the earliest music. Music, as we know, is one of the five great arts, and is perhaps the youngest of all the fine arts. Therefore, its greatest development has been recent. But we do find that the most ancient countries had music in their religious worship. For example, we read of David's playing on his harp. The ancient countries gave us the idea of instruments. The organ was invented in Egypt, and Greece gave us the idea of wind instruments. Aside from having knowledge of the history of music itself,

it is wise to know something about the most outstanding composers, their early training, and how their lives influenced their compositions. One should also know something about the peculiar national or racial characteristics which would distinguish the works of one composer from those of another, so that if he should hear Juba played, he would instantly say that it is Negro music because its rhythm portrays an African movement.

Finally, a musical number can be better appreciated if the method of its presentation is understood; in the case of a choral number, one should know how each part relates to the whole; in an orchestral number, know how each instrument contributes to the rendering of the whole composition. We learn all of these things and much more in our Music History and Appreciation Class. Join it!

Christmas, the Season of Giving

(Continued from Page 1)

sister, brother, and other kinsmen, favorite friends and acquaintances pass through our minds. And, too, some of us even think of friends who will remember us. Is this a true link in the noble chain?

Perhaps there are others who will not come so easily into the trend of our Christmas thinking and whose very large numbers would seem to forbid our undertaking to remember them materially. They are the really needy men, women, and children who have not the means to remember others and are not apt to be remembered themselves—not by you and me as individuals.

This, however, is not unusual. Many worth-while things would never be done if we depended on the individual; for a single person would not be able to work much good. So there have been many organizations set up whereby one individual may do good by adding his gift to that of another. The Salvation Army and Community Chests bring happiness and cheer to thousands of deserving persons each Christmas. We find that the spirit of giving does not stop with these, for women's clubs, churches, and even individual families find much to do to keep the link of the noble chain strong.

Not all of us are wealthy, nor have substantial means; but all of us can give, through the organizations about us, with the knowledge that what we give will find an effective outlet; thus keeping the noble Chain of Christmas.

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It's So Because I Read It in a Book

LUCIA GRIFFIN, '31

"It's so because I read it in a book." Too often when asked why they came to certain conclusions, the only reason behind statements made by some individuals has been, "I know my answer is correct, for that is exactly what I saw in the book."

There is no doubt but what the answer is correct and it may be correct because the words in the book say so, but is there no other reason why it is correct? We all know and realize that books are, and are supposed to be, authorities on the various subjects, but are not the conclusions drawn by the author conclusions from his own thinking? He took the liberty to think long and deeply on certain things, then he reached his own conclusions. Not once did he say, "You must accept everything that I have said in this book, word for word, and you have no liberty to dispute anything which I have said."

Instead, the author gives you what he has thought out, and written on a number of pages known as a book, and you are left to read it, if assigned or if from self-interest, and to think about it to see if by chance you might differ. Some may say, "I would not dare to change what the author has said because he knows more and has had more experience than any of us." Quite true; he is more learned and more experienced, and because of that he does not leave us to accept absolutely what he says in his book.

To say as a reason for statements given, "It's so because the book says so," does not provoke any thought necessarily. If we are to continue accepting things because the book says so, when are we to begin thinking for ourselves?

Some day we may be fortunate enough to write a book in which we have produced our thoughts, and shall we expect everyone who reads the book to be biased by us and think only as we do, or shall we have the joy of knowing that in some cases the statements are attacked and interpreted differently by others' thinking?

What the Twentieth Century Woman Thinks About

MAGNOLIA YVONNE DIXON, '31

Not all women nor men think alike; this has been true all down the ages. There are "hangovers" in the twentieth century who rightfully belong in the nineteenth century; it is very necessary that these things be so.

Many men and women think a woman's place is in the home caring for the husband and the children. But there has evolved in the twentieth century a new type of womanhood—women who know themselves intellectually equal with men, and they act accordingly.

It is human nature for men to strive for higher levels than those achieved by ordinary men, to want power, praise, and recognition from all mankind; and what is more, they concentrate all energy in the attaining

of such ends. Yes, serving mankind is a means to an end. But women are human beings just as men are; they, too, have nothing directly against being at the top of the ladder, viewing from above those below who have fewer talents.

The twentieth century woman's mind is far from the placid activity of being only a housewife, busy all day to make the home tidy when the husband comes home from work; of being glad to greet him and hurry him to a dinner he especially likes before it gets cold. She knows what the evening will be—first, there are the dishes—then what does she find? Her husband sits in a comfortable chair, smoking and deeply absorbed in the daily news. He has exchanged jokes, conversed with friends and had contact enough for one day; he is not in the mood to carry his cordial conversations further, and, after he has continually ignored the wife's persistent questioning, he decides to give, as a last resort, a gruff grunt in order to make her understand clearly, and for the last time, his mood.

The wife was denied the conversation and contact he shared, and her horizon has not been broadened; reading could not help, for she has been busy the entire day. Sewing consumes her time at night.

The twentieth century woman is farsighted enough to see all these things before jumping rashly into matrimony; hence she marries and secures outside help for the home, or if finances hinder, the delicatessen comes to her rescue; and people reprehend her for the lack of attention she gives her husband, children and home. Or, if she does not marry at all, but "plugs" away at her career to the very end, society says she sets a bad example to the younger generation, and that she does not pay her debt to it.

A job makes a woman independent; it seems easier to perform because she is helping some one who really appreciates her.

Out on the job, she is directly in contact with world happenings; she observes what others feel and think and do; through her eyes and ears valuable knowledge is hers. When such a wife returns home at night, she, too, feels like reading the newspaper undisturbed, but does she?

The twentieth century woman is willing to exchange places with her husband—that is, let him keep house while she "hits" the job; she feels that this, if nothing else, will persuade him to realize her just dues in the comradeship.

Tree-Sitters

FRANKIE B. BUTLER, '33

Why does a tree-sitter sit? Taking along with him books, a radio, and other modern inventions that he can conveniently carry and exacting from his friends the promise to quench his thirst and quell his hunger at intervals, this valiant hero sallies forth and climbs to his perch in some large, shady tree thinking to preserve the honor and integrity of his family by becoming the champion tree-sitter. He must endure.

There has been a precedent set for the

modern tree-sitter which, though involving a different principle of honor, is equally as worthless. In medieval times a small group of Christian ascetics became, to their mind, so pure and holy that they sought to be as near to God and as far from this wicked world as is humanly possible. They therefore climbed to the tops of poles and here led their miserable existence in prayer and supplication, setting a perfect example of the type of Christian which almost no one desires to imitate.

But after the tree-sitter has won the championship by surpassing the fellow members of his art, and after the ascetic has purified his soul by daily prayers and supplication, what has either accomplished that has added to the common good of mankind? Obviously nothing. The tree-sitter has satisfied his craze for popularity and the medieval monk, or holy man, has established himself in the minds of the people as a good man. Yet, neither has done one thing which has added a ray of sunshine to the life of anyone. However, one must admit that each had within him that tenacity and ability to "stick it out", which, if directed into other channels, might have proved a virtue instead of a sham.

Along with the medieval ascetics and the tree-sitters there is also another who possesses a strong tenacious ability. One will find him sitting on the top of no pole nor perched on the branch of any tree, but on the level ground winning a more stable championship in loyalty and faithfulness and engaged in pure, wholesome work which when done adds to the big plan of the universe. He does his work not for the sake of a pat on the back from a deceitful world, not for the sake of winning the title of a good man, but for the pure joy of the work aroused by the thought of a worth-while goal.

It is this type of endurer that it will be well for each of us to emulate. When the life of the student who is contributing to her support by helping around the college becomes monotonous and dreary she will be greatly strengthened by thinking of the end toward which she is working.

To which of the two types of endurers are we going to belong—tree-sitters or steady workers?

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The Trees' Argument

RACHEL DAVIS, '33

Near the front entrance of the campus one finds a beautiful South American cedar and a maple tree. I overheard an interesting conversation carried on between the two. Apparently the maple was making its farewell calls for the year 1930-31, before she went into seclusion for a period of four or five months.

Said the maple to the cedar, "I wouldn't be in your shoes for anything. Don't you ever tire from the hard knocks and blows that you receive?"

The cedar replied, "A strange question, my friend. Hardness is the path I chose, because there are few who travel this road. I would rather stand boldly and face the trials of life than to run and hide from danger."

"After all," said the maple, "what is your reward for your hard blows?"

"Happiness and praise," said the cedar. "I am happy because I am useful at Yule-

tide. From base to top I am beautifully decorated with blue and white lights. Great admiration I receive then. Can you boast of such splendor as mine? You, I think, are the same as Rip Van Winkle. How do you know what goes on during your long sleep? I keep watch during the winter months, seeing and hearing what goes on. My process of recording events continues, never stopping for rest. Why are you so sickly and poor that you are physically incapacitated at the same time every year? Hold out and be strong once in a lifetime. Ah, but I see you can't. Your last leaf will desert you when the next wind blows."

The maple replied, "Oh, great, egotistic, healthy cedar, your philosophy is too great for the small and too small for the great. Nothing looks its best without sometimes having rest. Are you as pretty as you would be if you'd take time to rest? When I awake in the spring, how beautiful, fresh, and healthy my new attire looks. You are only beautiful at Yuletide because of an artificial display. After that you are the same old cedar. People seeing you all the year, the same thing over and over, never appreciate your changing garments. To boast of such splendor as yours, I cannot; I would rather be in the mediocre group and be sincere than to play pretense in any group. Neither group is thought of very much; so why should I care for that which is beyond or below my reach. I am satisfied in my sphere with the struggles of my own group."

David E. Henderson was appointed assistant in the United States Department of Justice.

My Task

MAMIE BYNES, '33

More noble than my life itself is the objective for which I strive, and why should I choose a commendable objective and work toward it? Because I am filling too great a space in the world for the results to be worthless. There is another who would gladly take my place and make it what it should be if he only had the chance. Since there is not room for both of us, I am expected to give something to the world or my place to him.

Unless we all start out in college with such an aim, we are most likely to end without it, and to end without it means that another place in the field of achievement and instruction is vacant with an addition to the already crowded field of worthlessness.

Our mere existence without any of the world's indulgent accessories is enough to stimulate our ambition to be what every inhabitant of a college community is expected to be. Wheelock says:

—Look upon the stars
And yearn with deepening breath;
All things are in yourself—
Love, and Life, and Death.

To strive to make my knowledge grow; to support another with the same desire; to be the best that life affords—this is my task.

Of Pianos

JOSEPHINE HARRELD, '33

*"Of pianos there be a million kinds,
So versatile the art—"*

First, there are those which seem to be what they are not. To this class belongs the grand piano which is so often found in the homes of the well-to-do. It is known by its poor imitation Louis XIV legs and the Spanish shawl carefully draped across one end. It is usually very much out of tune.

The second group is by far the most popular. It is to be found in the most respectable institutions of any community, including boarding-school dormitories, and is recognized by a certain number of missing ivories, a number of scratches of all dimensions on all sides, and a decidedly tinny tone. The person who sits down to play it finds himself confronted by a perplexing problem. He discovers that his ear is unable to distinguish "C" from "F", that a few keys stick after the first touch, and that the pedal is "out of commission". From my experience, I recall one solo played on such a piano, when a friend stood close by to push up certain keys after they had been played on. A whole summer's practice on such an instrument is the best kind of endurance test. The sense of humor which outlives this form of slow torture is proof against any irritation.

To the third group—the martyr—belong two classes: First of these is the small, unpretentious piano which is most often found in the practice rooms of a college music department. It is by far the bravest of them. How it manages—in spite of forgotten open windows, overheated radiators, careless banging, or an occasional wetting—to keep its temper is a source of wonder to many. The second member of this group serves as the foundation for many successful and unsuccessful pianistic careers. It is usually found in the home of the young and active. It is an upright, is inclined to be a little wobbly on one leg, and bears the scars inflicted by restless feet and finger-nails.

The aristocrats comprise the fourth class. One sees them in parlors—not living-rooms, but *parlors*—places where proud white heads nod elegantly over gold-edged china cups. The music rack is a work of art. One immediately associates it with lavender and old laces, and "In the Gloaming, O My Darling".

The fifth is monarch of all pianos—the joy of the artist, the hope of the future artist, "the instrument of the immortals". It is on this piano that a great musician catches the breath of his audience, holds them spellbound, moves them to tears or laughter. A young musician who sits before this instrument is cowed by its spirit. He fumbles at the keys and finds the answer to something in himself which he cannot interpret. This at last is the noble purpose for which pianos were created.

Robert A. Millikan, noted physicist and author of books awarded medals for experiments and research, spoke informally to a large company of students and citizens in Sisters Chapel on the evening of December 9.

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Birthday Party

SAMMYE FULLER, '32

On Wednesday, November 19th, several girls received very attractive invitations to be special guests at a party given by Misses Kugel, Smith, and Arduser in the social dining room. Each one was filled with curiosity and anticipation as to the nature of the party. Everybody asked, "Are you invited?" Since no one was able to answer the question, all waited for the day of the party.

The day came at last, and every girl was dressed long before the appointed hour. On arrival, the guests were cordially greeted by the hostesses and were shown into the social dining room which was lighted with candles. In the center of the room was a table beautifully bedecked with flowers and candles. Covers were laid for eight. It was then that the secret was learned. It was a birthday party for those whose birthdays came in November. A most appetizing supper of Italian spaghetti, hot rolls, butter, and sweet milk was served, followed by pineapple sundaes. Surprise reached its climax when a most beautiful birthday cake was brought out. It was covered with white icing on which was written in yellow the name of each guest. Eight tiny candles glowed on it cheerfully. "Happy Birthday to You" was sung. All thought that the cake was too pretty to cut, but finally they consented. Each one made a wish and blew out a candle. Then the cake was carefully cut by Beulah Johnson, each one receiving the slice on which her name was written.

The evening was spent most pleasantly, and, after many thanks to the kind and thoughtful hostesses, the guests departed with eagerness to tell the others what they had missed.

The Sophomore Circus

The sophomore class of Spelman College entertained a large audience at an impromptu social and circus, called the "Collegiate Ramble", at Howe Memorial Hall, Wednesday evening, November 26th.

The famous circus performers included many distinguished characters who were represented by certain members of the sophomore class, with the aid of a few students from other classes. Some of the best-known dancers were in this circus. Emma Robinson, "The Stolen Duncan Sister," presented some unique dances; Josephine Harreld and Jean Taylor were the graceful "Spanish dancers"; Fannie Smith was the cunning and world famed "Devil Dancer". Along with the circus were also Mabel Hillman and Mercedes Powell, the world's greatest "Prima Donnas", and Evelyn Pittman and Frances Lawson, the "Vagabond Lovers".

There were many freaks present, among whom were Audrey Ward, the tallest lady

in the world; Emma Robinson, the fattest lady in the world, and Josephine Harreld, the gypsy fortune teller, who seemed a marvel to those whose fortunes she told, because of her skillfulness in reading palms; yet a number of the people went away wishing that they had never seen her, because of the bad luck of which she warned them. Mozelle Warner, the greatest acrobat in the world, also performed many daring gymnastic feats.

After seeing these freaks, the company gave attention to the booths and wondered what could possibly be hidden in them. Then Frankie Butler, the circus announcer, declared that these booths were free for inspection. Everyone eagerly rushed to the booths; the young ladies to one booth and the young men to the other, only to find a mirror in each. But the interesting part was yet to come because, when they were looking into the mirror, each lady saw the ugliest woman in the world and each man saw the ugliest man in the world. After the people had traversed the circus grounds, and had joined in the "Grand March" led by Ella Peters and Clarence Walker, time was spent in social chatting and in consuming refreshments consisting of peanuts, hot dogs, candy, cookies, and punch, which were being sold at every corner of the circus ground. The money collected at the circus was given by the sophomores to the Thanksgiving rally.

The Evening After Thanksgiving

MATILDA McMAHON, '32

On the evening of November 28th, a four-course dinner was served in the social room in Morgan Hall, with Misses Daisy Smith and Leslie Arduser, the college dietitians, and Miss Kugel as hostesses to their helpers. Decorations appropriate to Thanksgiving were large bowls of fruit on each of the tables. The color scheme of yellow and green was carried out in green and yellow candles, green doilies, and yellow nut baskets. Covers were laid for forty guests.

The menu consisted of fruit-cocktail, turkey croquettes, peas in timbales, cranberry jelly, hot rolls, tomato salad, and cocoa. For dessert there was delicious banana split with individual caramel-iced cup cakes trimmed with green and yellow shot candies. Instead of a toast program the guests sat in a semi-circle around the open fire, toasted marshmallows and sang melodies, as the mood prompted. President Read and our own Miss Rockefeller, treasurer of Spelman College, were guests of honor.

Senior Class Entertained

The members of the senior class of Spelman College were honored at a dinner, Saturday evening, December 6th, at the residence of President Read.

Mr. Paul Buttrick, of New York City, was a special guest at the dinner and led many interesting and lively discussions. Mr. Buttrick, who is the son of the late Dr. Wallace Buttrick, patron of education, for whom the new structure at Agnes Scott College was named, spoke at the dedication service Friday, December 5th.

The menu, which consisted of hot buttered rolls, ham, shrimp patties, tomato on lettuce leaves, potato chips, ice cream, cake and candy, was served in buffet style. The seniors are grateful to Miss Read for planning this lovely affair.

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Florence Cole-Talbert Recital

SYLVIA S. McMILLAN, '33

Many music enthusiasts of Atlanta heard in recital Mme. Florence Cole-Talbert, soprano, assisted by Miss E. Jessie Covington, piano accompanist, on the evening of November 22nd in Sisters Chapel. Mme. Talbert has sung in opera in Italy with special success in *Aida*. One of her earlier achievements was the receiving of the diamond medal from the Chicago Musical College. Miss Covington is a graduate of Oberlin Conservatory of Music and has several times been granted scholarships from the Juilliard Foundation to study in New York under exceptional teachers, including the Russian pianist, Mme. Olga Samaroff.

Mme. Talbert's rendition of *Alleluia*, by Mozart; *Ritorna Vinciter*, from *Aida*, by Verdi, and several of her English songs were especially well done and delighted her audience.

The Lark, by Glinka-Balakireff, and *The Shepherd's Hey*, by Grainger, piano selections by Miss Covington, were played with unusual accuracy and were well phrased.

Both artists graciously responded to a number of encores, including *Indian Love Call*, by Friml.

The Latin Club

GEORGIA L. BRYANT, '32

The Latin Club met Friday afternoon, November 14th, at 3:45 in Laura Spelman assembly room with Miss Dickinson presiding. The program was as follows:

Song to Virgil, by the club.

Recitation, Invocation to Vergil, Mary Bennett.

A playlet in Latin, *Daedalus and Icarus*. The parts were taken by the following persons: Daedalus, Alpha Talley; Icarus, Bernice Starling; Announcer, Rubye Sampson.

New officers for the year were elected: President, Magnolia Dixon; Vice-President, Ermatine Hill; Secretary-Treasurer, Bernice Starling; Pianist, Lennie Green; Reporter, Georgia Bryant; Chairman of Program Committee, Alpha Talley.

The Juilliard Lecture Course

CAROL BLANTON, '33

In the last lecture given by Miss Riley she compared two of the most outstanding men in the history of music, the immortal John S. Bach and George F. Handel, showing the definite contribution each has made.

These men are associated together as enlivening the dignity of the art and giving a stamp of maturity to it. They saved it, so to speak; for the developing art was in danger of becoming degraded because of certain undesirable hypnotic trends. In short, the two did create a decided trend which stands today as a great influence in music.

The highlights of Handel's contribution consisted of forty or more works for the developing opera, of his oratorios, notable among them "The Messiah", and of his being a brilliant organist. His work was done mostly to please the public, hence there

isn't much evidence in his works of a strong inner urge to create that makes for the more genuine musician. The above statement can be associated with Handel's love for brilliancy and grandeur. In thinking of Handel only, we remember him for his oratorios; we notice that he did not accomplish much constructive work, hence his influence was not so dominating after his death.

Bach, in direct contrast to Handel, has had an everlasting influence that is indelibly stamped in music. Miss Riley very strikingly told us that music owes as great a debt to Bach as a religion does to its founder. This great man laid a foundation for all piano technique and for the organ; he perfected the fugue, glorified the music of the people (folk dances), as well as glorified God and nature. Most of his pieces are dedicated to the honor and glory of God. We remember him for many types of music: the chorale, fugue, cantata, passion, onotet, and many others. The fact was cited that Bach's "Mass in B Minor" is perhaps the greatest piece that has ever been written.

Bach was by far a greater musician than Handel. He used his imagination to write, while Handel wrote to please the public; there is enough implied in the latter statement to suffice as an explanation of the true meaning of the whole fact. Bach intensified a text, while a text intensified Handel. A comparison by Rubenstein will give the key to the general trend of thought that surrounds these two men. Rubenstein said words to the effect that Bach is like a cathedral, simple, beautifully embellished, yet strong; Handel reminds one more of a castle at which one is put in awe and wonderment.

The Spirit That Gives

LOUISE MOSES, '32

As the winter season approaches,
I feel a spell of joy and blitheness affecting the better part of me.

Autumn has been most colorful
With its bright leaves floating in the sunshine,

But when December comes in, cold winds dance from icicles and snow,
And the old oak tree gives her all for a bunch of Mistletoe.

Dull December lacks the gorgeous colors of October,

But when nature fails to produce beauty,
Man creates beauty of his own.

Every year I stand before shop windows,
spellbound, silent and happy
While I imagine myself giving lovely gifts to each one in the world.

Behold, I see bells that ring not—
Wreaths that hang not for the dead but for the living.

From a shop window I caught the same spirit
that makes parents play Santa Claus.

This same spirit throbs in the soul of the singer

As he hums a Christmas Carol
And adorns the living-room with red and green.

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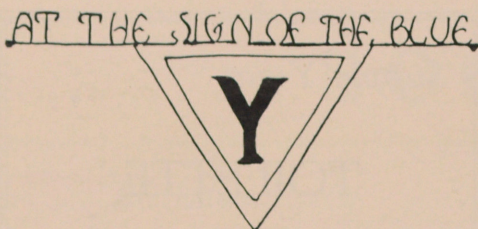
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ELNORA M. JAMES, '31

"Glory to God in the highest and on earth, peace, good-will to men."

This is the great world-song from which all thoughts and deeds radiate at Christmas time. Joy, love, good-will, and peace are blended into a life—the world's supreme gift. A consciousness of this, demands that Christmas be a time of "discovery, adoration, joy, peace, communion, and fellowship". Then will it become a worshipful experience filled with the faith which could link a "far-off pilgrim star with the cradle of a child". A faith which makes men truly wise, knowing that no hope is too high, no dream too holy to be fulfilled, even the hope and dream of "peace on earth among men of good-will".

—Geneva News Letter.

Mr. Thurman's Discussion group, which is sponsored by the Y. W. C. A., had its initial meeting Tuesday night, November 27th, at which time the following subjects were chosen for the first month: Negro art and literature, perplexing problems of college women, and leading current topics which interest the group.

The Cabinet were hostesses at a tea Friday evening, November 14th, at Bessie Strong Teachers Home in honor of Miss Sue Bailey and the new "Y" faculty advisers. After a talk by Miss Bailey concerning the world, national, state and city affiliations of the Y. W. C. A., which, she stated, makes the association fellowship one of the greatest things in the world, there was a general discussion preliminary to the Detroit Student-Faculty Conference which meets this December.

Frances Callier and Edythe Tate, in a charming manner, served hot cocoa and wieners and sauce on rolls.

We were happy to have Miss Sue Bailey, National Student Secretary of the Southern region, as a guest on our campus twice during the month of November. Although her visits were not "Official", as she was just passing through our city, much inspiration and information were gained from her by the students and the "Y" faculty advisers. We are eagerly looking forward to her annual visit with us during the early spring.

"Good things come to those who wait" is an old saying but is still found applicable today, for one of the dreams of the Y. W. C. A. of Spelman has been realized in the four new interesting and energetic faculty advisers whose efforts to have a bigger and better Y. W. C. A. have already been felt. These advisers are: Miss Irene C. Dobbs

for the C. W. E. committee, Miss Harriet Leslie for the Program committee, Miss Elizabeth Perry for the Social committee, and Mrs. Amber A. Warburton for the Industrial committee.

The cabinet discussed the Y. W. C. A. "family tree"; also the significance of the association on our campus in its meeting November 30th. We shall begin our study of worship in the next cabinet meeting.

Don't forget the annual visit of the Spelman Y. W. C. A. to the Gate City Free Kindergarten and Leonard Street Orphanage at Christmas time. Come, join us on this trip of cheer and good-will. Anything you may send or take will be appreciated.

The program committee sponsored a very impressive Thanksgiving service in "Y" Vespers Sunday evening, November 23rd. Bessie Mayle sang very beautifully "Thank God for a Garden". Quite unique were the talks by Erastine Coles—Is the World in Debt to Us? and Augusta Johnson—Are We in Debt to the World?

Poetry As Echoes of God's Voice was the subject of a very interesting discourse by Miss Wilson in "Y" Vespers Sunday evening, November 30th. She divided the themes of poetry into two general divisions: Nature and Personality and read poems which illustrated some of the different types of each division.

Below is an article from the Atlanta World, concerning the International Student Club which is sponsored by Spelman Y. W. C. A.

SPELMAN COLLEGE

Last Saturday the International Student Club of Atlanta had its initial meeting at Spelman College. The club membership includes foreign students studying here in Atlanta, as well as American students. The presidents of the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A. organizations in Atlanta Colleges were present.

The objective of this organization is to develop an international feeling of fellowship between all of the students studying in Atlanta, to assemble helpful information, concerning various countries and Nations, through discussions in a seminar manner. The members in this organization feel that such a movement is necessary in all college towns in order to better understand the delicate situations that confront the nations and the world at large.

The officers were elected as follows: Mr. O. Ntsiko, of Morris Brown, Executive Chairman; Mr. C. Maxeke, Morris Brown, Vice-Chairman; Miss Magnolia Dixon, Spelman, Treasurer; Mr. James Wiley Brown, of Clark University, Secretary. Miss Elnora James is chairman of the program committee. This organization hopes to function throughout the year, and they hope to be able to afford the general public much information of vital interest to all.

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